And turnd that blacke word death to banishment:
This is meere mercie, and thou seest it not.
Rom: Tis torture and not mercie, heauen is heere
Where *Iuliet* liues: and euerie cat and dog,
And little mouse, euerie vnworthie thing
Liue here in heauen, and may looke on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More validitie,
More honourable state, more courtship liues
In carrion flyes, than *Romeo*: they may seaze
On the white wonder of faire *Iuliets* skinne,
And steale immortall kisses from her lips;
But *Romeo* may not, he is banished.
Flies may doo this, but I from this must flye.
Oh Father hadst thou no strong poyson mixt,
No sharpe ground knife, no present meane of death,
Though nere so meane, but banishment
To torture me withall: ah, banished.
O Frier, the damned vse that word in hell:
Howling attends it. How hadst thou the heart,
Being a Diuine, a ghostly Confessor,
A sinne abso'uer, and my frend profest,
To mangle me with that word, Banishment?
Fr: Thou fond mad man, heare me but speake a word.
Rom: O, thou wilt talke againe of Banishment.
Fr: Ile giue thee armour to beare off this word,
Aduersities sweete milke, philosophie,
To comfort thee though thou be banished.
Rom: Yet Banished? hang vp philosophie,
Vnlesse philosophie can make a *Iuliet*,
Displant a Towne, reuerse a Princes doome,
It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.
Fr: O, now I see that madmen haue no eares.
Rom: How should they, when that wise men haue no eyes.
Fr: Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.
Rom: Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feele.

Wert thou as young as I, *Iuliet* thy Loue,
An houre but married, *Tybalt* murdred,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speake, then mightst thou teare thy hayre.
And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the measure of an vnmade graue.

Nurse knockes.

Fr: Romeo arise, stand vp thou wilt be taken,
I heare one knocke, arise and get thee gone.
Nu: Hoe Fryer.
Fr: Gods will what wilfulnes is this?

Shee knockes againe.

Nur: Hoe Fryer open the doore,
Fr: By and by I come. Who is there?
Nur: One from Lady *Iuliet*.
Fr: Then come neare.
Nur: Oh holy Fryer, tell mee oh holy Fryer,
Where is my Ladies Lord? Wher's *Romeo*?
Fr: There on the ground, with his owne teares made drunke.
Nur: Oh he is euen in my Mistresse case.
Iust in her case. Oh wofull simpathy,
Pitteous predicament, euen so lyes shee,
Weeping and blubbring, blubbring and weeping:
Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man,
For *Iuliets* sake, for her sake rise and stand,
Why should you fall into so deep an *O*.

He rises.

Romeo: Nurse.
Nur: Ah sir, ah sir. Wel death's the end of all.